

got bourbon on ice / he's a white knight

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by [kattysack](#)

Summary

Alina has a blind date, and Aleksander has a moderately comfortable spot at the bar to keep an eye on her.

(title from “sugar daddy,” by the pistol annies)

Notes

a/n: if you read my last darklina fic (part 2 is forthcoming, btw), u'll know that i don't go here, meg just dragged me along for the ride. apologies for any unwarranted nonsense.

(but i Need the nonsense. this is just a quick little ditty i wanted to take a break with bc i could get hit by a mack truck and my book edits would still kill me first. ergo, epistolary fanfic shenanigans. enjoy~~)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

ALEKS: Having fun?

ALINA: yes as i'm sure you can see by the look on my face i'm having the time of my life

ALEKS: You should have worn your hair down. You know how all those pins give you a headache.

ALINA: it's not the damn BOBBY PINS, sasha

ALINA: it's that i got conned into this blind date, which you were surprisingly pleasant about — a fact which hurt my feelings immensely, by the way, i suppose i've had enough grey goose to let you know — and come to find out it's because you've decided to show up at the restaurant to make this whole experience worse

ALEKS: Well now, to be fair, darling girl, it is one of **my** restaurants.

ALINA: well go to another one, if you have so many

ALEKS: You're awfully argumentative for someone who's downed three martinis in half an hour.

So, yes, quite enough Grey Goose, I should think.

ALINA: who are you, my bloody nanny?

ALEKS: And here I thought excessive drinking helped you to relax.

ALINA: bite me

ALEKS: Meet me in the supply closet and I'll see what I can do.

ALINA: oh, swoon. shall i ask my date to tag along?

ALEKS: Don't tease, lapushka. You know I don't like to share.

ALINA: if you'd told me you didn't want me to go on some ridiculous farce of a date with someone else, i wouldn't be here. but you said it was FINE.

ALINA: F-I-N-E.

ALINA: and i didn't have an excuse for genya anyway, unless you want to be the subject of my friends' gossip. and they gossip LOUDLY.

ALINA: next thing you know it's splashed across the tabloids that mr. aleksander morozova, something something filthy rich blah blah eligible bachelor blah blah, is paying for the company of some mousy little grad student

ALEKS: Have I touched a nerve?

ALINA: i have no idea what you're talking about

ALEKS: You're not mousy. I don't get on my knees and run the very real risk of suffocation for /mousy/.

ALINA: sasha that's incredibly hyperbolic

ALEKS: One argument at a time, my lovely.
Now, I don't mind you having dinner with another man. He looks quite dull, besides.

ALINA: i thought you didn't like to share

ALEKS: I said you could have a meal with him. He doesn't get to fuck you.

ALINA: suppose i'll be paying for my own drinks, then

ALEKS: Charming, milaya.
I've already put them on my tab.

ALINA: cheers

ALEKS: Even if it weren't for me, honestly, Alinochka, has he even noticed you're paying more attention to your phone?

ALINA: he's been talking about work
he's in

ALINA: *typing...*

ALINA: *typing...*

ALINA: stocks?

ALEKS: Hm. Are you willing to bet that little black dress on it?

ALINA: not sure how much it would fetch in a betting pool. you're the one who bought it

ALEKS: Yes indeed. And yet you've worn it for someone else.
Care to explain?

ALINA: well i thought it would be ““fine””

ALINA: but if you think this is bad you should see my underwear

ALEKS: Oh, I'm counting on it.

ALINA: you can't possibly think i'm going back to yours tonight

ALEKS: You're sure as hell not going back to his.

ALINA: i do have my own, you know

ALEKS: I'm aware, as I'm the one paying for it.

ALINA: go on and have the locks changed in the next hour if you don't want me going back to it

ALEKS: Alina...

ALINA: i'm MAD at you

ALEKS: What for? Because I haven't locked you up in my bedroom, only to let you out when I want to fuck you in my shower instead?

ALINA: first, it's cruel to bring up the shower when i'm trying to be angry
you know how much i love that shower
it has so many jets

ALEKS: I thought perhaps you could use the reminder.

ALINA: but that's not the point
obviously i don't want to be locked in a room
but you didn't have to say this date was FINE.

ALEKS: It's clearly anything *but* fine. Why else do you think I'm here?

ALINA: i don't know why you do half the things you insist on doing
would you send over another martini he just said "nasdaq"

ALEKS: Why is it that you can run that pouty little mouth whenever you like, but as soon as I bring up the subject of *my* feelings, you veer off into complete nonsense?

ALINA: well i didn't ASK him to say nasdaq at this precise moment
i'd never ask anyone to talk about nasdaq
i don't even know what that is

ALEKS: Your drink's on the way. Sip it slowly for me, darling, you've had enough for one evening and your lipstick's smudged.

ALINA: you like it smudged

ALEKS: Only when I've done it.

ALINA: yes everything's about YOU, isn't it

ALEKS: When it comes to your lipstick? Yes, it is.

ALINA: come say that to my face so i can dump this martini over your pompous head

ALEKS: It might distract your date from whatever he's been on about.
It's been nearly an hour, good God, his mouth hasn't stopped moving.

ALINA: trust me, you talk much more than this

ALEKS: Please, Alinochka, don't insult me. I put my mouth to much better use.

ALINA: stroke your own ego much?

ALEKS: Well, to hear you tell it, nothing else is going to get stroked tonight, so why not?

ALINA: you've got two hands, do it yourself

ALEKS: I'll need a little more than that. Why don't you tell me about what's under that dress I bought you, go on.

ALINA: something else you bought me
the black thing

ALEKS: Informative.

ALINA: stop buying me so many black things and maybe you'd figure it out

ALEKS: I'm hardly going to stop, don't be ridiculous.

ALINA: the one with the lace

ALEKS: Somehow even less informative.

ALINA: the one that's entirely lace and entirely too delicate for me to wear
i may have ripped it, actually

ALEKS: Tsk, milaya. I'm the only one who's meant to be ripping things off you, aren't I?

ALINA: i didn't do it on //purpose//
/you/ do, because you're frivolous and irresponsible

ALEKS: Insatiably taken with you, I'd say, but call it what you like.

ALINA: yes i'm Sure that's it

ALEKS: I can see you rolling those exquisitely bloodshot eyes from here.

ALINA: i already know i'm a wreck you haven't got to point it out

ALEKS: That's your last drink.

ALINA: yes, sir. in that case, have you had my locks changed or can i go home?

ALEKS: I've been far too busy trying to reason with you to call a locksmith.

ALINA: REASON with me, he says
HA.
you've never been reasonable a day in your life

ALEKS: And you've never been quite this sloshed. I'll call the car for you.

ALINA: i'd rather walk

ALEKS: In those heels? Honestly, Alina, those were hardly made for you to walk in.

ALINA: what did you buy them for, then??

ALEKS: For you to wear when I bend you over my desk. Or when I fuck you up against the wall, I'm not picky.

I've still got the heel marks in my back from the last time.

ALINA: i hope they last you awhile longer, i'm still not speaking to you

ALEKS: "Still"? When were you not speaking to me?

ALINA: well i'd planned to ignore you through the weekend
but then you showed up here and started bothering me

ALEKS: I showed up here to make sure you stayed well aware who you belong to,
solnyshka.

ALEKS: I needn't have worried, seeing as you've been set up with clearly the dumbest man on
the planet.

ALINA: he keeps calling me 'allison'

ALINA: i can HEAR you laughing, it's not FUNNY

ALEKS: If you can recall his name at all, I'll absolutely seethe with jealousy.

ALINA: *typing...*

ALINA: *typing...*

ALINA: fine i don't remember
which i do actually feel a bit guilty about, seeing as he's not the one who hurt my feelings

ALEKS: Wouldn't you prefer to continue that conversation sober?

ALINA: i'd prefer it if you weren't so ANNOYING all the time

ALEKS: I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, lovely girl.
Why don't you say good night to your stock broker and let me take you home? I'll prove it to
you.

ALINA: i'm not having sex with you, i don't care if you cancel my rent check

ALEKS: No, I'm going to get you in bed with a pack of paracetamol and a gallon of water.
We can have sex in the morning.

ALINA: dream on

ALEKS: Every night, milaya.

ALINA: that's a terrible line

ALEKS: I'll save the good ones for when you'll be able to remember them.

ALEKS: Now, in about thirty seconds I'm going to come over there, play maître d', and interrupt whatever economics lecture he's in the middle of to let you know your car's arrived.

ALINA: that's so rude

ALEKS: Yes, -Allison-, but this whole evening has been an exercise in impoliteness on both your parts. I'm saving us all further trouble.
Not to mention he keeps talking to your chest. It's making me murderous.

ALINA: you're constantly talking to my chest

ALEKS: Because I'm picturing you topless. I don't buy you all that lingerie so some hapless idiot can imagine what you look like in it.

ALINA: no, sasha, you're the only hapless idiot for me

ALEKS: Roll your eyes again and I'll stuff your panties in that smart mouth before I fuck you tomorrow.

ALINA: promise?

ALEKS: Is this you mad at me? Because it's actually quite lovely.

ALINA: i don't KNOW i've had too much to drink and you look delicious in that jacket it's all very confusing

ALEKS: I've screenshot that for posterity.
Now get your purse, I'm heading over.

ALINA: my hero
he just said "annuitization" i may never be able to have sex again

ALEKS: I'll take care of that in the morning.

ALINA: best clear your afternoon as well, i'm still annoyed and i want you to grovel first

ALEKS: Of course, solnyshka. As you wish.

End Notes

a/n: leaving this universe open for a series of one-shots when the mood strikes, stay tuned 🙄🙄

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